

A. H. BUCKNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
ST. CHARLES, MO.,
Will attend to any professional business in the
Courts of Lincoln, Warren, Montgomery and
St. Charles, and in the District and
Supreme Courts. v5n1y1

C. E. PEERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WARRENTON, MO.,
Will practice in the Courts of Lincoln, Warren
and Montgomery. v5n1m2

N. P. MINOR,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LOUISIANA, MO.,
Will practice in the counties of Callaway,
Montgomery, Lincoln, Pike and Ralls. w5n1y1

McKEE & FRAZIER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
TROY, MISSOURI
Will practice in all the counties of the Third
Judicial Circuit, and in the Supreme Court of
the State. mch41y

F. T. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
TRUXTON, MISSOURI.
January 1, 1869—July

R. D. WALTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
TROY, MISSOURI.
Will practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial
District. feb 13 v4n7.

Dr. J. C. GOODRICH,
DENTIST,
WENTZVILLE, MO.
Will be in Troy to practice his profession
from time to time. Due notice of these
visits will be given in the local columns of the
Herald. feb2n8

DR. J. L. DOGGETT,
Surgeon Dentist,
TROY, MO.
IS PREPARED to do all kinds of Dental
work in a substantial manner.

Occidental Hotel,
Cap-au-Gris, Mo.
R. C. MAGRUDER - Proprietor.
THIS HOTEL is now open for the accommoda-
tion of the travelling public. Well-
furnished tables and neat, comfortable apartments.
ap147m1y1

FRUIT TREES,
SHRUBBERY,
GRAPE VINES, &c
NATIVE WINES,
of my own raising.
CATALOGUES GRATIS.
ADDRESS
C. T. MALLINCKRODT,
ST. CHARLES, MO. dec36m

JEHU SYLVESTER
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
WATCHES,
DIAMONDS,
FRENCH CLOCKS.
Watch Materials and Tools.
Watches and Jewelry Repaired.
No. 210 NORTH FOURTH STREET
(Between Olive and Pine Streets)
St. Louis, Mo.
April 7, 1870

ST. LOUIS SAW WORKS.
RRANCH, CROOKES & CO.
S A W
Manufacturers.
Manufacturers of SPAULDING'S Patent
Inserted Teeth Saws.
FOR SALE AT THEIR WAREHOUSES,
214 Lake Street, CHICAGO.
176 & 118 Vine St., ST. LOUIS.
80 Carondelet N. Orleans.

ALL KINDS
OF
JOB PRINTING
EXECUTED
With Neatness
AT THE
HERALD OFFICE.

ADVERTISE
YOUR BUSINESS IN THE HERALD AND
IT WILL PAY.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEW BOOK. Agents sell 100 per week. Price
\$25. A DAY!—40 new articles for Agents.
Samples free. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Mo.
37 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MALE MEN.—Send for Circular, a first-class
business and steady employment. B. F. HOWE,
37 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Curious, How STRANGE! The *Mag-
ical Ladies' Friend* contains the most
desired information. Sent free for stamp. Ad-
dress Mrs. M. METZGER, Hanover, Pa.

WE WILL PAY AGENTS a salary of
\$35 per week or \$100 a large commission
to sell our new inventions. Address J. W.
FRANK & CO., Marshall, Michigan.

WANTED AGENTS.—\$500 Week free.
given gratis to every new man who will act
as our agent. Business light and honorable; pays
\$30 per day. Address R. Monroe Kennedy & Co.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.—*Ladies of
the White House.* No opposition. Steel en-
gravings. Rapid sales. For circulars, address U.
& Publishing Co., N. Y., Cincinnati and Chicago.

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.—A large
40-column paper, *Ladies' Friend*, illustrated.
Devoted to Sketches, Poetry, Wit, Humor, genuine
fun, nonsense (of a sensible kind), and to the ex-
posure of Swindling, Humbug, &c. Only 75 cts.
a copy, and a superb engraving, "The Angel," 15
x 25 feet, gratis, 50,000 circulation. Money refunded
to all who ask it. It is wide-awake, fearless,
truthful. Try it now, 75 cts. a year. Specimens
FREE. Address "BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H.

PATENTS.
Inventors who wish to take out Letters Patent
are advised to consult with MUNN & CO., edi-
tors of the *Scientific American*, who have pro-
cessed claims before the Patent office for over
Twenty Years. Their American and European
Patent Agency is the most extensive in the world.
Charges less than any other reliable agency. A
pamphlet containing full instructions to inventors
is sent gratis. MUNN & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.

LORELLARD'S YACHT CLUB
Smoking is the finest Bright Tobacco made.
Being free from Nicotine, which is extracted by a
patent process, it does not injure weak constitu-
tions. Persons of sedentary occupations, as well
as students and literary men, will find none of
the injurious after-effects, resulting from ordinary
tobacco. It is much lighter in weight than com-
mon tobacco, and a p. and will last twice as long
as other kinds. It does not clog the pipe, nor
burn the tongue.

LORELLARD'S EUREKA Smoking
has become so popular that many imitations of
its delicious character are offered for sale by some
dealers because they can buy the counterfeit ar-
ticle for a little less; and as the same are cal-
culated to deceive the consumers, we desire to di-
rect their attention to the impression that is prac-
ticed upon them, as they are the main reason
thereby, being obliged to pay as much at retail
for it as will buy the genuine article.

In addition to the above we have many favorite
brands, which will be shown with pleasure. Cir-
cular giving prices, discounts, terms, &c., will be
mailed upon application.

LORELLARD'S CENTURY Cigars
has now become so well known that we deem it
unwise to pack \$100 daily in the small tin-foil
papers any longer, and have therefore discon-
tinued the same. Our various brands of Smoking,
Cigars, Plug, Tobaccos and Snuffs, will be
found upon trial, not only popular goods, but
at prices defying competition from responsible
manufacturers everywhere. We are constantly
producing novelties, to which the Notice of the
Trade is invited.

LORELLARD & CO.,
16, 18 & 20 Chamber Street, N. Y.

NEW CROP TEAS.
GREAT REDUCTION.
Get Fresh Goods and Save Money.
The Great American Tea Company,
(Established 1861).

are now receiving the choicest Early Pickings
New Crop Teas from the best cultivated dis-
tricts of China and Japan.

These Teas have been selected with great care,
and with special reference to the taste and
wants of our customers. They are very fresh,
and of the choicest flavor.

We shall now fill "club orders" from these
new crops Teas in quantities to suit our cus-
tomers, at greatly reduced prices, while the goods
are of the freshest description. Liberal dis-
counts allowed to Clubs of \$50 and upwards.

PRICE LIST OF TEAS.
Oolong (Black) 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, 100c, best
Mixed (Green and Black) 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, best
90c.

Souchong (Black) 50c, 60c, best \$1.
English Breakfast (Black) best \$1 15.
Imperial (Green) 50c, 60c, \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 25.
Young Hyson (Green) 50c, 60c, 70c, 80c, 90c, \$1,
\$1 10, best \$1 20.

Unselected Japan, 50c, \$1, \$1 10, best \$1 20.
Gunpowder (Green) \$1 25, best \$1 50.

COFFEE ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.
GROUNDED COFFEE, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c per
pounds. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keep-
ers, and Families who use large quantities of
Coffee, can economize in the article by using our
FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNERS COF-
FEE, which we sell at the low price of 25c per
pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

WHO WILL CARE?

When we lay beneath the daisies,
Underneath the churchyard mold,
And the long grass o'er our faces
Lays its fingers damp and cold;
When we sleep from care and sorrow,
And the life of earthly life—
Sleep to know no sad to-morrow,
With its bitterness of strife—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will come to weep above us,
Lying, oh! so white and still,
Underneath the skies of summer,
When all nature's pulses thrill,
To a new life, glad and tender,
Full of beauty, rich and sweet,
All the world is a d in splendor
That the years shall e'er repeat—
Who will care?

Who will care?
Who will think of white hands lying
On a still and silent breast,
Nevermore to know of sighing,
Evermore to know of rest?
Who will care? No one can tell us;
But with rest and peace befall,
Will it matter if they miss us,
Or they miss us not at all?
Not at all!

THE DISENCHANTED LOVER.
"And so he is coming to night?" Ly-
man Palmer asked, standing just at sunset,
in the porch of Mr. Towney's fine, broad-
fronted residence in L—m. Clara Town-
ley stood beside him, and a very tearful
look stole into her deep blue lustrous
eyes, as she answered the question:
"Yes, Lyman. Papa received his note
this morning, saying that he would
surely be here by the eight o'clock train."

"Your father is as determined as ever,
I suppose, about this affair of—the
marriage?" Lyman Palmer's look was
averted from Clara while he pronounced
the words. One of his white slender
hands played rather nervously with a
seal ring on the finger of the other. They
were delicate enough, both in shape and
hue, those hands of Lyman Palmer's, to
have belonged to a woman; his face, also,
devoid of beard or mustache, and glowing
with the fullness of healthful beauty,
entirely lacked (he was only twenty-two)
the element of manliness. It was a face
that Lyman Palmer's enemies—had he
really possessed any—would have been
very likely to call insipid and girlish.

But they could not truthfully have said
the same of the man himself. He was
every inch what his youthful appearance
failed to show—a high-bred, honorable,
courageous gentleman.

"Determined!" Clara Townley ex-
claimed in answer to her lover's last re-
mark. "Why papa is so bent on my be-
coming Mrs. Livermore, that he would
die of rage, I think, were my resolution
known to him."

"And that resolution is, Clara—"
"To give Mr. Livermore plainly to
understand that the times we live in are
not those which tolerate the affiancing of
two children in their cradles, merely be-
cause their parents happen to be friends.
And then this creature, Richard Liver-
more, is a perfect fiend of homeliness, if
you will pardon my intense style of rhet-
oric, Lyman. The photograph which he
sent me, through papa, is just about the
most frightful thing I have ever beheld.
He has passed his whole life you know,
in some obscure place out West—all
places out West are obscure in my opinion
—and, to all appearances, he has the
appearance of a regular clown. He actu-
ally had the impudence to speak of me,
in his last letter to papa, as the 'sweet
Clara, whom he longed passionately to
behold,' and 'whom he fondly believed to
be a picture of grace and loveliness.' I
have never told you this before, for fear
of making you ungovernably angry at
your unseemly rival."

"We ought not to be called rivals,"
Lyman Palmer answered, in a voice
wherein there was much more of de-
pendency than anger—"his chances are
so far far above mine."

"Nonsense, Lyman!"
"How 'nonsense,' Clara?"
"Do you believe in proverbs?"
"Why do you ask?"
"Because I do," Clara Townley's face
was a look of very firm determination as
she spoke.

"To what particular proverb do you
have reference just now?" Lyman asked.
"To the one which says 'Where there's
a will, there's a way.' I think that adage
a remarkably true one. And I think
Lyman, that you and I may test its truth,
if we are so inclined."

"You don't mean by an elopement,
Clara, do you? Often and often I have
pleaded—"

"And often and often I have refused,"
was the proud interruption. "Of course, I
won't elope with you, Lyman. I don't
consider elopement respectable. I shall
never marry you if I have to do it—
there!" And she looked quite serious
enough to keep the resolution if called
upon to do so.

"You mean then, Clara, by becoming
the mighty eloquent over your papa?"
Lyman questioned.

"And get pooh-poohed for your pains,"
said Clara, with a slight laugh. "No
Lyman, I mean something else. Papa is
still asleep, and likely to remain so for
an hour. Besides he is too feeble to
leave his room this evening. Let us
take a stroll through the garden, and
while we stroll, I shall disburden myself
of a weighty secret."

"Is Mr. Towney at home?"
Richard Livermore asked the above
question of Mr. Towney's servant, and,

receiving an affirmative reply, was shown
into a small sitting room on the ground
floor of the house.

While the man is seated awaiting the
appearance of his host, we have time to
observe that his face and figure are
scarcely the face and figure of a gentle-
man. "The obscure place out West" has
evidently left its impress upon the general
bearing of Mr. Richard Livermore.

Presently the door of the sitting room
opened and a servant—Clara Townley's
private maid, as it happened—entered the
room.

Mr. John Towney has been unwell
for several days, sir, and as he has lately
fallen into a dose, his daughter, Miss
Clara, does not consider it advisable to
awake him. But Miss Clara will be very
happy to see Mr. Livermore herself, pro-
vided he wishes it."

"Of course—of course—by all means
—certainly," stammered Livermore, to
whom the immediate prospect of behold-
ing his fiancée was thoroughly over-
whelming. "I shall be most happy to
see Miss Clara Townley. Be good enough,
won't you, to tell her so?"

He was gratified, not long afterward,
by the appearance of a tall young—(who
struck him, the more he looked upon her,
as a very unnaturally and disagreeable
tall young lady,) attired in a short, ill-
fitting dress, and wearing, upon a coun-
tenance full of "broad blown comeliness,
red and white," about the most thorough
from ear to ear sort of smile that Mr.
Richard Livermore ever remembered
having seen.

"How d'ye do?" said the gigantic vir-
gin, accompanying her salutation with a
rather vacant sounding laugh. "Hope
you're well. You are Mr. Livermore of
course? Well, Livermore, I don't like
your looks a bit. How do you like
mine?"

"I—I—think there must be some mis-
take," murmured Livermore, in amazement.
"—I—I—understood that Miss
Clara Townley was to—"

"Well, I am Miss Clara Townley."
"Impossible!"
"You're complimentary, I am sure!
But perhaps you mean that I disappoint
you agreeably, Mr. Livermore. I hope I
don't. I dare say you're a good enough
kind of fellow, but then you're decidedly
not the fellow for me. Saw that the
instant I clasped eyes on you, Livermore,
if you pardon so vulgar an expression,
I'm the sort of girl that likes plucky
sporting men with lots of 'go' in them,
and a general air of being up to snuff.
Now you're not that sort of chap, Liver-
more, as I told you at a glance."

"No!" exclaimed poor Livermore, who
had grown pale by this time, and with
something which was not embarrassment—
"—no, Miss Clara, I decidedly am not
the type of manhood which you seem to
admire. Is—is—your father in? I—I
—mean can I see him for a few mo-
ments?"

"Our girl told you he was asleep,
didn't she?" was the young lady's indif-
ferent answer, searching for something,
as she spoke, in the pocket of her dress.
Besides, Livermore, as you've come to
stay several days, and have brought your
portmanteau—there, for that purpose, any
time will do, I suppose, at which to hold
a confab with pa."

Mr. Livermore seemed to be regaining
his self-possession. "Since I cannot see
your father, Miss Townley," he said
stiffening visibly in manner, "it is better
that I should take my departure."

"And why so, Liv'?"
"Liv'!" Could Richard Livermore
believe his own ears? Was this virginal,
hoidenish, overgrown female, the Clara
Townley whom he had worshipped in his
dreams as his future wife? Had her
father been mad, to write as he had
written concerning her? He would
rather die—the man was already telling
himself—than become the husband of so
hideously ogreish a creature.

"I have no reason to give for leaving
so abruptly," he said, in sharp, cold
tones.

Miss Townley made some odd sound
between a giggle and a chuckle. "You
don't like me; confess you don't!" she
cried, and taking the unsuspecting Liver-
more thoroughly by surprise, she per-
formed the action popularly known as a
poke in the ribs.

"Miss Townley!" gasped the unhappy
gentleman, thus maltreated, "do you in-
tend insulting me?"

"Pshaw, not a bit of it. Only in fun.
Have a cigar, won't you?"
"Heaven!" exclaimed the bewildered
Livermore, holding out both hands, and
stumbling backward in his astonishment,
"you can't possibly mean that you
smoke!"

"Certainly I do," was the reply of Miss
Townley, biting the end off of a nice
looking *spare* as she spoke.

Mr. Livermore once again, and as if
by a masterly effort regained his self-
control. Walking deliberately toward
his portmanteau, he picked up that arti-
cle, and having bowed to his hostess, was
about quitting the apartment, when Miss
Townley exclaimed:

"I hope I haven't offended you. Pa'll
be frightfully mad when he hears you've
gone in this style. He'll be sure to
blame me, too. I wish you'd leave a
little note explaining that you go off—
of your own free will, as it were. You
don't mind doing this, do you?"

She looked at him with what was evi-
dently intended for a winning smile, but
poor Livermore thought it was only a
repulsive leer. "I shall be willing, Miss
Townley," he said, "to leave a note for
your father, thoroughly vindicating you
in the matter of my departure. What is
it that you desire me to write?" taking a
card and pencil from one of his pockets.

"Only that you don't want to marry
me—that you don't think we shall suit
each other and all that. Please be good
enough not to say anything about the
smoking, because pa don't know that I
smoke, and—"

But Livermore, without waiting for
further instructions, began rapidly writ-
ing on one of the cards which he had se-
lected from his case. When he had fin-
ished, he turned toward Miss Townley
with these words:

"The following is my message to your
father:
"—I desire to have the agreement
broken concerning my future marriage
with your daughter. I have held an in-
terview with her, and confess to being
wholly unwilling that such a lady shall
become my wife."

RICHARD LIVERMORE.

"That's precisely it!" boisterously ex-
claimed Miss Townley, when her compan-
ion had handed her the card. "Id fel-
low," suddenly slapping Livermore famili-
arly on the back—"old fellow, you've
got a handsome streak in you, for all we
don't like each other. Better try a cigar
before you go."

But Livermore rushed from the apart-
ment as though willing to remain out-
stant longer in the society of so out-
and-out a monstrosity of womanhood.
And shortly afterward the hall door
closed upon his retreating figure.

"Lyman you have certainly been
making the most utterly revolting crea-
ture of yourself that is possible to con-
ceive of. I have been listening in the
dining-room yonder, to every word you
said." And the real Clara Townley,
having just entered the room by a differ-
ent door from that by which poor Liver-
more made his exit, surveyed her dis-
guised lover with laughing eyes.

"There is my chief trophy," exclaimed
Lyman, waving above his head the card
which contained Livermore's message to
Clara's father. "*In hoc signo vinces.*"
Your father will, of course, consent to our
marriage now, Clara; for he will become
alarmed lest you lack the power to attract
a husband to your side, on reading this
stinging criticism from Livermore, and
gratefully accept the next chance that
offers itself."

Whether Mr. John Towney indulged
in any such train of reasoning as the
above, it would be difficult to say. But
two facts are certain, viz: his deep indig-
nation on reading Livermore's message,
and his ultimate consent to Clara's mar-
riage with Lyman Palmer, the man of
her choice. So much for the clever dis-
enchantment and the verification of Clara
Townley's favorite maxim, "where there's
a will there's a way"—Appleton's
Journal.

WOMANLY MODESTY.—Man loves the
mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full
blown rose, leave him unmoved, but the
violet which hides its blushing beauties
behind the bush, and the moon when she
emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him
sources of inspiration and of pleasure.
Modesty is to merit what shade is to fig-
ures in painting—it gives it boldness and
prominence. Nothing adds more to fe-
male beauty than modesty; it sheds
around the countenance a halo of light
which is borrowed from virtue. Bot-
anists have given to the rose hue which
tinges the cup of the white rose the
name of "maiden blush." This pure
and delicate hue is the only paint Chris-
tian virgins should use; it is the richest
ornament. A woman without modesty is
like a faded flower, which diffuses an un-
wholesome odor, and which the prudent
gardenier will throw from him. Her des-
tiny is melancholy, for it terminates in
shame and repentance. Beauty pines
like the flower of Albo, which blooms
and dies in a few hours; but modesty
gives the female character charms which
supply the place of this transitory fresh-
ness of youth.

NEW KIND OF PAPER.—A new kind
of paper, specially adapted for various
kinds of clothing, has been invented in
England. Both animal and vegetable
materials are employed in its production,
the latter being New Zealand flax, jute,
hemp and cotton, and the former wool,
silk, skin, etc. These materials are re-
duced to a pulp and bleached, and then
fed into appropriate machinery. The
mixture of these materials gives a paper
of extraordinary pliancy, flexibility and
strength, which may be sewn together as
easily as woven fabrics, and make as
strong a seam. Among the articles made
of the paper are quilts and table cloths,
stamped with patterns of great beauty,
curtains, shirts and various other arti-
cles of dress; a very good imitation of leather
is made of it, of which furniture cover-
ings, and even shoes, may be made. The
last may be rendered water proof by the
introduction of oils and India rubber.

Fontenelle lived to be nearly one hun-
dred years old. A lady, of nearly equal
age, said to him one day, in a large com-
pany, "Monsieur, you and I stay here so
long that I have a notion death has for-
gotten us!" "Speak as softly as you can,
madame," replied Fontenelle, "lest you
should remind him of us!"

A man in Pottsville married a widow
with nine children. He had four of his
own; at the family worship, the other
night, he prayed for "his'n" but would not
offer a solitary petition for "her'n."

This male her downright mad, and she
rallied on him with the whole of her
offspring. The conflict was brief but
decisive. The husband retired in a bald
headed manner, with the marks of a
skillet upon his noble head. The widow
prays for her own off—, but the
man is browsing around for a divorce.
He says he don't care a cent for the joys
of married life—not a single cent.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square (10 lines) or less, one insertion.....	\$1 50
Each additional insertion.....	75
Administrators' Notices.....	4 00
Final Settlement Notices.....	4 00
Stray Notices (single stray).....	4 00
Each additional stray in same notice.....	1 00
A Liberal Deduction will be made to yearly advertisers.	

A Royal Rachel.

The poor Queen of Naples has lost her
baby. It is one of the saddest stories.
The child was a fine, healthy girl. The
queen, like many mothers with their first
child, wished to do the most perfect
thing in the way of nursing it. She sent
for an English nurse, and hoped to have
it strong and hardy as English children
are. This woman, it appears, mismanaged
terribly. In the first place, being unac-
customed to Italian habits and ways, she
found fault with the *baginas* or wet nurses;
they were discharged, one after another,
to please her, until the poor baby had no
less than thirty-seven different ones in
three months of its short life. But the
worst thing she did was to give the poor
child icy cold baths night and morning,
and instead of wrapping the little creature
up in flannel on taking it out of the bath,
she always extended the shivering naked
body on her lap and tried reaction by
slapping and rubbing. Of course the
consequence was croup, and the poor
child died. The mother, almost frantic,
sent in every direction for counsel, al-
though surrounded with physicians. It
was very touching to hear some of those
appeals. The queen has quite an intima-
cy with Miss Hosmer the sculptor. She
has stood for her statue, and both
being good horsewomen, they have met
on special occasions at the Roman Hunt.
Thus the Queen knew of John Biddle,
Miss Hosmer's groom. This John Biddle,
has a wife and family of children. To
this woman the queen sent, and when
Jane Biddle came, the poor Queen Sophia
said:

"You are a mother. You have raised
many children. Tell me, what shall I
do for my baby?"

It was very sad. The last scene was
the most grievous of all. I have heard it
from a person who was present. The
queen sat and held the poor dead baby in
her arms, extended upon her knees; not
a tear fell, but the expression of her face
showed that her anguish was beyond
weeping. In front of her knelt the king,
sobbing and wailing aloud; he kissed
the child and his wife's hands, and then rested
his face upon the cold body, and cried
out his grief.

Only a week before the death I met
the king and queen coming to the city
from a drive. It was near the Porta Pia,
on the Via Nomentana. They were in a
little pony carriage, with a footman in
the seat behind, and the king was driv-
ing. They were coming into town slowly;
the husband was talking to the wife about
something earnestly; one hand held the
slackened reins, the other arm was thrown
across the back of her seat. She was
leaning against it and listening atten-
tively. She looked very happy as our
carriage passed slowly. I noticed how
radiantly beautiful happiness had made
her. Her face, within the last few years,
has been too sharp; since the birth of
her baby, it has grown fuller. I observed
on that day the rich coloring of her skin,
the softened expression of her eyes, the
pretty, tender fullness of her lips. Poor
woman! The loss of the kingdom and
crown never gave Sophia de Bourbon
such sorrow as this death of her baby.

A man who has a scolding wife, being
asked what he did for a living, replied
that he "kept a hot house."

The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail has a
young lady for local reporter who is paid
\$1800 a year for her spicily written arti-
cles.

Mrs. W. G. Wheaton is working hard
in Illinois to defeat woman suffrage. She
is a good speaker and draws large audi-
ences.

It is devil-like to return evil for good.
It is beast-like to return evil for evil. It
is man-like to return good for good. It
is God-like to return good for evil.

Miss Annie E. Dickinson is to be en-
gaged all summer in researches into the
history of Joan of Arc, on whose won-
derful career she will lecture this winter.

A Miss Mary Edith Pochy recently
completed with marked success for the
prize in a chemistry course in an Edin-
burgh college; but the coveted honor
was denied her, solely because she be-
longed to the gentler sex.

At Timmonville, S. C., is the grave of
Mrs. Florence Edwin, of Philadelphia,
Pa. She was a member of a Federal
regiment, and as she was dressed as a
soldier, her sex was not discovered till
after her death.

Gen. D. H. Hill announces authorita-
tively that the report that "Mrs. Stone-
wall Jackson is about to be married again
is false, and that no one has dared even
to address the widow of our great and
good soldier, and that she had rather re-
main his widow than marry any living
man."

There is a sentiment as beautiful as
just in the following lines: "He who
forgets the fountain from which he drank,
and the trees under whose shade he gam-
boled, in the days of his youth, is a stran-
ger to the sweetest impressions of the
human heart."

A young lady of Monson, Mass., was
recently offered \$500 for her hair, which
lacks but half an inch of being six feet
long. On her refusing the offer the
would be purchaser asked if \$1,000 would
be any inducement, to which she replied,
"No, nor \$2,000."